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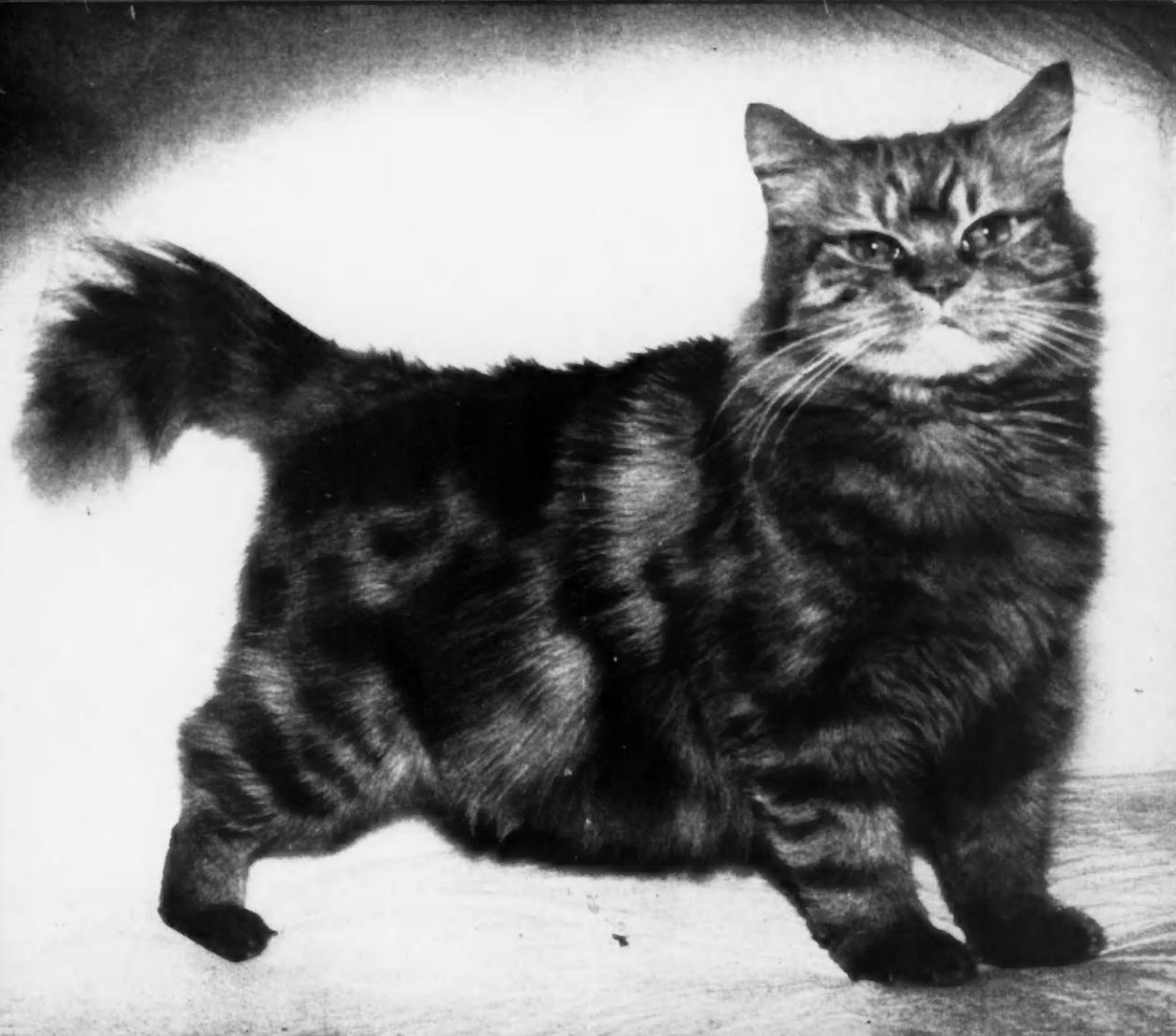
# Cats

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MAGAZINE

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THIS ISSUE: PSYCHIATRIC CASE HISTORY OF A CAT -- PAGE 11

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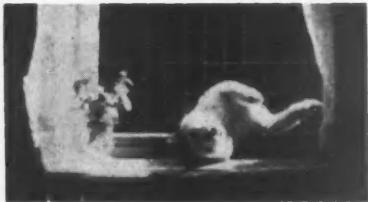
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COY MORTIMER

(Try turning the page upside down)

Dear Editors:

Can I beg a tiny space in your valuable paper in which to thank the many kind readers who have forwarded their own copies to me, to use for my work helping cats less fortunate than myself. I am deeply grateful, for I am now collecting to buy a new ambulance, as the old one, bought second-hand during the war, is now past repair. My headquarters serves a wide area, without animal clinics and it's a great need. But I want to say that many packets of your grand magazine have reached us either with no clue as to the sender, or with the sender's name and address so rubbed and worn in transit (left hand top corner gets all the bangs and blows it seems!) it has been quite unreadable! To everyone whose name and address I can read I have written personally and sent a photograph, and to those whom I can thus only reach through your kindness in printing my letter, I say a BIG THANK YOU, and if you will send me your names and addresses clearly written I shall delight to thank you myself.

Yours most gratefully,

Mortimer ("Ambassador of Strays")  
Miss Adele Rudd,  
Hon. Social Organiser for Mortimer,  
30a, Sinclair Road,  
Kensington, W. 14.

## TALES FOR MISS BAKER?

Dear Editors:

I am collecting true anecdotes about cats for an anthology to be published by Farrar, Straus & Young, who did my book *Your Siamese Cat*. Perhaps some of your readers will be glad to send me their favorite stories of true cat happenings.

The anecdotes must be true and not yet published in book form, but this does not exclude newspaper or magazine items. I will not use the name of the owner or the contributor without permission, and it may, of course, be necessary for me to rewrite the stories somewhat to conform to the general plan of the book. Much as I would like to, I can not pay for any material submitted.

I'll greatly appreciate any help which your readers can give me in making this book truly representative of the fascination of cats and the joys (and sorrows) of our addiction to them. My thanks and best wishes.

Sincerely  
Hettie Gray Baker

350 West 57th St.  
New York 19, N. Y.

## BATTLE STATIONS!

Dear Editors:

Another fight looms! Our crackpot City Council has given instructions to the City Attorney's Office to draw up a new ordinance limiting families living in residential areas to one pet only. If this becomes law, the consequences are dire, indeed. In fact, it might mean the end of cats and the Fancy within the Los Angeles area.

The National Cat Foundation is leading the fight against this proposal, and we'd appreciate your publishing this letter, so that anyone desiring information or wishing to help us can contact the writer.

What we want is a barrage of letters from constituents to their local Councilmen urging them to drop the crazy law—Vote "NO" on it. We also want real workers who will go door-to-door if necessary.

Through good luck, we've learned of this latest "sneak attack" at its very inception, and the prompt complete support of all local cat owners and their friends will defeat it as thoroughly as the iniquitous State measure was beaten last year.

We'll be glad to give full information to all who write to us, and we urge every reader in Los Angeles to get his letter off to his Councilman today.

Sincerely,  
Ralph Morris

National Cat Foundation  
1070 Exposition Blvd.  
Los Angeles 7, Calif.



HOTEL CLARIDGE  
AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES  
PARIS

Dear Editors:

We (my husband, one of my two daughters and I) are taking a trip through Europe. One of the things I was most interested in, of course, was the cat shows, and we saw one in London.

However, I was very much disappointed to learn that there was only one Blue-Eyed White in the Show, and it was not a pedigree cat. The show people I talked to told me no one even raised Blue-Eyed Whites—that they knew of only one male, and he was not colorbred.

I couldn't help but think of my many Blue-Eyed kittens at home and wonder why no one was raising them. I think it is because over here they do not know that deafness can be inherited only from deaf ancestors. It is just like the kink in the tails of some Siamese.

A deaf cat's ears are deformed inside—where there should be bone there is only gristle. This hereditary defect is most common with Blue-eyed Whites, but I have even known deaf Orange-eyed Whites and deaf colored kittens to be born from deaf stock. However, not all Blue-eyed Whites are deaf, and I hardly ever get one now, having been trying for many years to breed it out. Just as the Siamese breeders have

REPORT  
FROM  
EUROPE

OCTOBER, 1952

WITH WHICH IS COMBINED  
ALICE GRAYDON PHILLIPS'  
OUR CATSPUBLISHER AND EDITOR  
RAYMOND D. SMITHAssistant Editor  
ANNE METCALF4 Smithfield Street Pittsburgh 22, Pa.  
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## COVER

Plaudits go this month to Ch. Viking Gibson Girl, owned by Mrs. Archie Stray of "Stray's Cattery", 1232 No. 16th Milwaukee, Wis. She is All-Midwestern, All-American, CFF and CFA Champion. Sired by Ch. Gatillo Bro Diablo D'Oro and the daughter of Viking Scarlet O'Hara. Her markings and head type are extraordinary.

V.G.G. is now recovering from a Caesarian operation resulting in complete loss of litter. Mrs. Stray is hoping for better luck in the future with V.G.G.

largely eliminated the "kink" by not using such animals for breeding—so it is with deafness in Blue-eyed Whites. I hope in a few more years to totally breed out both odd-eyes and deafness by not using cats with those faults in my strains.

To return to Europe—the war did much damage to the Cat Fancy here. They are still very short on many colors and are not able to color breed as they would like to. Just as an indication, I could not find a colorbred Black in all of Europe. There are three or four catteries with gorgeous Blues—I'm bringing some back to America with me—but they are not color breeding the Chinchilla as much as they used to. They have no new bloodlines. It is my opinion right now that on the whole America has the better cats.

At the Shows, I especially liked the way they judge the Finals—Best Novice, Best Cat, etc. They have from three to seven judges to judge each cat—that way when you have won in the finals, you really feel that you have won something good. The judges are not paid—they work only for the honor. I met several, and they are lovely people and really do know cats.

I also saw quite a few of the catteries. All are small—I don't believe that anyone keeps more than five cats at the most. I was told that no one keeps as many cats now as before the war because of the food shortage. Here most of the cats are allowed to run at large. One breeder even lets hers run out on the highway, and now and then one is killed. They were amazed when I told them of my

(Continued on page 25)

# Jasper Regains His Health

By Edith M. Dean

Illustration by Joseph R. Spies

He couldn't decide whether to make or break a romance.

It was the third night in succession that Jasper's after-dinner bath had been interrupted by amorous chit-chat. Bud was on the telephone again. Talking to Marilyn, the little blonde down the hall, Jasper paused, a black pretzel-shape of displeasure.

Females were all right, he admitted grudgingly, but he wasn't going to fall in love with any of them. Bud hadn't either—until he met Marilyn.

Jasper could boast no previous experience at romance-breaking, but something had to be done. He had lost his last apartment when his roommate married a girl who didn't like cats. Now, it was time for him to take things in his own four paws. They had a nice apartment with a soft rug, comfortable chairs, and a *real* fireplace, although Bud forgot to light it when he went out with Marilyn.

Jasper arched his back and walked slowly over to Bud who had slid out of his chair and was sitting on the floor.

"See you at eight then," Bud whispered, dreamily replacing the receiver on the hook. He gave Jasper a vicarious hug and carried him into the kitchen for an extra saucer of milk.

Jasper's thoughts kept pace with his tongue as he lapped up the milk. He could play sick. Only Bud would think it was because of the extra milk and there would be no more bonuses. From the spraying shower came a distorted strain of "I Love You Truly," and Jasper decided he could do without the extra milk.

He sprawled heavily in the hall doorway and made a few practice mewps while the shower was still running. Bud padded out of the bathroom dragging a wet towel and smelling of hair oil and shaving lotion.

"You picked a bad spot for a nap, Jasper, old man," he said cheerfully.

Jasper replied with a weak mewp.

"Don't argue with me tonight, fellow. I have a very important evening coming up." He patted Jasper on the head and disappeared into the bedroom softly humming strains of Lohengrin.

In spite of his nine chances at bat, Jasper had always been proud of his good health. Now, he wished he had been sick just once. He had to sound sick.

Then he remembered how his other roommate used to groan occasionally when he'd been out late the night before. His imitation must have been good because even the practice groans brought Bud running.

"What is it, old boy?" he asked an-

"Well," thought Jasper indignantly, as he peeked from the door. "he doesn't have to be rude just because he has the United States Navy behind him."

xiously. "What's wrong?"

He put Jasper on a pillow and hurried to the phone. Jasper should have known Bud would call the vet. Now he was sunk. But his suspended breath soon returned. Bud was talking to Marilyn.

"Marilyn, honey, I know this isn't exactly cricket, but Jasper's sick. So I wondered—that is—could we make our date tomorrow night? With dinner? . . . You're swell. Tomorrow night then at 7:30. 'Bye, sweetheart. Gotta call the vet now."

But before Bud could dial another number, Jasper was making affectionate figure-eight tours around his long legs.

"Why, Jasper, are you all right?"

Jasper managed a feeble mewp. Bud gave him a long, sliding pat that developed into a black-tail pulling.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you deliberately pulled my leg, Jas, old thing. But maybe it was too much milk."

Early the next morning Jasper trained his thoughts on the problem of the day. How could he make Bud break his date with Marilyn tonight? Playing sick wouldn't work again. Bud almost caught him last night.

In between naps Jasper pondered his predicament. But not one good idea came his way until nearly 3:30 when he saw a laundryman across the street. Bud's laundry was not back yet, and he had only one clean white shirt.

Jasper's conscience would have felt a little better if his plan were just a bit harder to carry out. But it would be easy for him to get his feet wet. Bud always left the bathroom looking like a lake. Jasper hated this part of his plan. Still, he had already given up hope of extra milk. He had just as well gamble a little more.

Bud looked surprised when Jasper followed him into the bathroom that night. "You got a date, too, Jas? Well, I'll leave the door open just a crack in case you want out while I'm in the shower."

Bud splashed enough water under the shower curtain in the first few minutes



to drown an elephant. But Jasper waited until he was sure plenty of ashes would stick to him when he walked through the fireplace, which he did next. Then, literally covered with grey, sticky ashes, he entered the bedroom only to find that Bud had not put out his white shirt on the bed as he had always done before. Could Bud be wise to him, he wondered. No, even Bud wasn't that smart.

Jasper's tail drooped disconsolately as he circled the bed. On his second round he bumped his head on the bureau drawer. Bud knew better than to leave that drawer open. He wondered whether Bud was worth all this trouble anyway.

Then he remembered! Bud kept his white shirts in that open drawer. Jasper jumped in and purred contentedly as he put his original plan into operation.

As soon as he was sure that the shirt could not be worn without laundering, he went into the living room and patted himself a bed in the chair by the fireplace.

He was tired and must have dropped off to sleep because the next thing he remembered was Bud's voice shouting angrily into the phone. "Yes, that's the way it is, Marilyn Lindstrom! Love me, love my cat!"

Jasper stretched his four paws straight up but flipped over into an upright position at the delayed bang of the receiver. He almost felt sorry for Bud who sat with his thumbs anchored in his robe pockets, his eyes flashing dark lightning at the phone. It was for his own good, though, Jasper, decided. Now he'd light a fire and get a book.

Here, Jasper's train of plans was completely derailed. Bud bounced out of the chair, went into the bedroom and came back buttoning a sport shirt under his coat. He banged out the door and stumbled back in many hours later.

When the alarm rang the next morning, Bud groaned like Jasper's other roommate used to, let the alarm run down and went back to sleep. When he

(Continued on page 26)

# MINNIE and MR. CLARK

## *A Story of a Theatre Cat*

By Robert Downing

In a more enchanting, less antiseptic age when the backstage regions of our playhouses were not quite so functional but much more romantic, almost every theatre had its cat. There is tradition in the theatre cat. She not only controlled the mouse population, but she was also looked upon as good luck. Actors and managers and stagehands, and the old back-door keeper, liked to see her around the place. In a world of fancy and uncertainty there was comfort in the character of the theatre cat.

When the stage was empty she walked its boards with majesty and assurance. On bright afternoons she lay complacently in an amber flood of sunlight by the open door of the scene dock, serene in her right to obstruct passage and to slumber cozily while heavy boots moved dangerously near her head as the sets for one production were carted away, and the trappings for another brought in.

At night the playhouse cat usually sat by the stage door, sometimes on the doorman's desk, receiving as her just due the greetings and affectionate caresses of the players as they arrived. She never doubted that her saucer of milk would be placed for her; she knew that mice would always be lurking somewhere for her to chase—in the parquet beneath the plush seats . . . below the stage in the boiler-room . . . or far aloft in the fly-gallery where the maze of hemp lines crisscrossed, and heavy sandbags swayed ever so gently as they hung suspended from all the old wooden grid. This was the theatre cat's realm; she belonged, she was accepted, she served. And like others who have had truck with the stage, some of its cats achieved a certain notoriety. One of the last of the celebrated theatre cats of New York was Minnie of the Winter Garden.

The Winter Garden, even in the early 1940s, was a wonderful playhouse for a cat. A theatre of history and glamor, one was not able to forget while backstage that the entire area behind the curtain-line had once been a horse barn. The horses in their time had been worn by the old Broadway trolleys. I shan't go so far as to say that the actual aroma

"Minnie and Mr. Clark" was first printed in *THEATRE ARTS Magazine* in September, 1949. It is copyrighted by *THEATRE ARTS* and is reprinted with their permission. The illustrations by Frank Belt were drawn expressly for *CATS Magazine*.



of the theatre's former tenants was noticeable, for a good deal of soap and water had been spread around since the last gray mare had departed; but to the sensitive nose of a cat, always bewitched by the atmosphere of the stable, the premises must have been satisfactorily if faintly permeated.

Minnie liked the Winter Garden, and almost everyone liked Minnie. She was an ordinary black and white tabby, well mannered—not like her sister of unhappy memory. Minnie's sister, who shall here be nameless in her shame, had found her way one night to an unlocked dressing-room filled with gorgeously be-spangled wardrobe. Quite losing her head, Minnie's sister set to with claw and tooth, and in a single orgy destroyed several hundred dollars' worth of costumes. By way of punishment she was banished from the theatre forever. Minnie remained. If she was offended because dressing-room locks were more carefully inspected thereafter, she didn't show it. Minnie was too regal, too utterly self-contained to take notice of the sordid affair.

Minnie was no ham. She would stalk the stage when its scenery was struck against the back wall or leaning in the wings, but once the house-curtain was lowered and the audience commenced to enter the theatre, Minnie retired to her favorite position near the stage door and seldom paid much attention to performances.

After mice, Minnie's diet consisted mainly of fresh milk brought to her daily by the stage carpenter who also supplied occasional treats of liver and chopped meat. Like most cats, Minnie developed whimsical appetites for an odd

assortment of tidbits. She liked to lick chocolate off candy-bar wrappers that fell near her plate, she was not revolted by a sip of Coca-Cola now and then—and she came to have an overwhelming passion for fresh dough.

Whatever construction is put upon the word, dough in any form is not common backstage. The fresh dough Minnie came to know and love was mixed nightly by the property man for the use of Bobby Clark, comedian, in one of his routines for the musical comedy "Mexican Hayride."

For Mr. Clark's followers, part of his insouciant charm is his bewitching practice of appearing in a new and more startling costume and make-up in each succeeding scene. To aid and abet their star's tomfoolery, Herbert and Dorothy Fields arranged in "Hayride" for Mr. Clark to play the role of one Humphrey Fish, an American king of the numbers racket who flees to Mexico to escape the long arm of United States law. Naturally, to confuse his pursuers, Mr. Clark disguised himself the moment he crossed the Rio Grande, and he continued throughout the course of the show to lop from one disguise to another. At the click of a castanet he became first a bull-fighter, then the leader of an incredible mariachi troupe, and, of all things, a repulsive Indian squaw with buck 'ee'h, greasy black braids, painted-on spectacles (Mr. Clark's own comic trademark), and a cigar-smoking papoose strapped to his back. To further confound his enemies, Mr. Clark's squaw was engaged in the ancient and honorable Mexican occupation of manufacturing and vending tortillas.

To make tortillas one needs a certain

amount of fresh dough. If one is a comedian of Mr. Clark's caliber, one needs a considerable amount of fresh dough of a consistency particularly rubbery and magnificently adherent. Such dough not only can be beaten into incredible tortillas, but can also be looped around any number of actors who happen to cross the stage. It is splendid for draping the figure of one's nemesis in the plot.

That is why fresh dough was to be found backstage at the Winter Garden during the run of "Mexican Hayride." Since, in the course of performance a good deal of the dough was flung in arcs so Herculean that some of it fell into the wings, Minnie could not very well ignore the gooey, fascinating substance. Sniffing was followed by tasting. Minnie discovered she liked the stuff. In a very short time she became the property man's most devoted admirer, waiting for him to arrive, following him patiently to the locker room below the stage while he hung up his hat and coat. As he prepared his props for the show, Minnie trotted faithfully at his heels, feasting her opalescent eyes upon her god with shameless, unmistakable ardor.

It was, however, when the prop man went to his room to mix fresh dough that Minnie really disgraced herself. Dignity was cast aside, reticence forgotten. Minnie purred and meowed. She leaned with fitful shudders first against the property man's right leg and then against his left leg. She arched her back and switched her tail about like a banner. Her pink tongue was visible at one corner of her usually prim mouth. She drooled. And the property man, being only human and much in love with Minnie, saw that she got a few dabs of dough each night. Never much—never enough, Minnie seemed to feel—but just a little to please her, and yet not a sufficient amount to injure her delicate innards. Perhaps it would have been well if Minnie had been made ill just once on fresh dough. She might have come to care less for it. She might not

have taken to sitting dangerously close to the onstage edge of the wings each time Mr. Clark went on to play his scene as the old tortilla-maker.

His audience laughed hysterically at Mr. Clark's improvisations in this scene. His timing was faultless, his ad libs riotous, his taste for the sublimely ridiculous never more superb. Cast and crew paid the artist the supreme tribute of gathering in the wings each night to watch Mr. Clark in the tortilla scene.

Minnie watched, too. She may have laughed, but she had deeper interests in the nuances of the scene. With eager eyes she noticed that as Mr. Clark manipulated great ropes of dough, twirling them about his head like a lasso, lobbing the gluey mass this way and that, that sometimes bits of dough broke loose and fell to the stage. Dough on the floor was dough in Minnie's province—but, alas, by the time the show was over and she could go sniffing about the stage, her friend the property man had swept up every last particle of the wonderful delicacy. Minnie pondered this for quite a spell. When she had reflected a sufficient number of performances, she acted. Cat-like, she did the logical thing. Seeing dough fall to the floor and wishing very much to gobble it up before it disappeared, Minnie decided that one way to make certain of getting her rightful share was to place herself in a position to snap up the bits and pieces as they fell from Mr. Clark's hands.

So it came about that Minnie made her theatrical debut one evening in "Mexican Hayride." Just after the lights went up on the tortilla scene, Mr. Clark in his outrageous squaw attire came on stage with his portable tortilla factory. This was a high cart backed with platform on which Mr. Clark stood to manufacture tortillas. It also provided eminence from which he could circulate streamers of dough in all directions.

No sooner was the comedian planted center stage with the spotlights full upon him, than Minnie strolled on from the wings and sat down directly in front of Mr. Clark's cart, her back to the audience, her eyes fixed expectantly on the dough-dispensing "squaw." A roar of laughter went up from the house. Mr. Clark puffed furiously on his cigar. Behind his painted spectacles his eyes looked perplexed. A master of timing, he knew he had done nothing to bring such a howl. Knowing that audiences are sometimes given to incredible reactions, the comedian gave them the benefit of the doubt. He bared his false buck teeth, gave his artificial black braids, a careless toss, and commenced kneading the

lumps of dough on his cart with a violence that can only be described as peculiarly his own. In this mood, Mr. Clark could battle Kallikaks to a frazzled finish.

Minnie licked her chops. The audience tittered. Minnie became conscious of her public. Perhaps she became self-conscious. In any event, she looked at the customers for the first time—and somehow, as cats can, she managed to look silly and girlish and slightly apologetic. No one in the house doubted from that moment forward that Minnie was part of the show. I think Minnie caught on, too. She played her part to the hilt.

Unable to see Minnie over the top of his high tortilla-cart, Mr. Clark became more and more amazed at audience reaction. Carefully, brilliantly, he built stage-business toward enormous laughs. Minnie took the laughs a beat after they should have gone to Mr. Clark. When he tossed a yard of dough to the right, it was funny to behold—but watching Minnie trot optimistically beneath the flying dough was funnier. The sight of Mr. Clark hanging epaulets of dough upon an unsuspecting policeman, and scooping off the decorations quickly with a great wooden spoon, was calculated to amuse. It did. But watching Minnie's patent disappointment as the dough medallions vanished was much, much more amusing. Mr. Clark's perplexity promptly grew to annoyance. He climbed off his cart, his features grim with suspicion, and started downstage. As Mr. Clark walked to the right of his cart and below it, Minnie vanished upstage at the left side of the cart.

Laughter out front by this time had reached that pitch not far removed from real tears. Mr. Clark looked helplessly into the orchestra pit and shrugged his shoulders. When he saw the usually solemn musicians dabbing at their eyes, I had the feeling that he could have been coaxed into a good cry himself. Valiantly, the comedian returned to his cart. As he disappeared behind it, Minnie reappeared. She was licking her chops happily. This also pleased the audience. They commenced to applaud.

For some reason, perhaps simply because she had managed to filch a bit of dough, Minnie grew weary of the whole affair. I think she disapproved the vulgar applause. She eyed the audience coldly and stalked off the stage into the clutching hands of a frantic stage-manager. The balance of Mr. Clark's hilarious tortilla scene laid an egg that night. I don't know if he ever found out why. Most of us felt honor-bound not to snitch on Minnie. We were pleased and relieved when her debut was ignored by the press.

However, certain changes in Minnie's life occurred the very next night. She was locked in the boiler-room for every subsequent performance of "Mexican Hayride," and to the best of my knowledge she never tasted fresh dough again.



# FEWLINES 'BOUT FELINES

Collected by ANNE METCALF

## POEMS FOR A RED PERSIAN

By Katherine Buxbaum

I

One thing Sofia loves, water in motion,  
Little she recks of the broad shining  
ocean;  
She is content to see rain water flow,  
Topaz eyes watch where the little  
streams go.

Two things Sofia loves, beefsteak and  
liver,  
Little she recks of the cost to the giver.  
Puss, you're a paradox—drawing room  
pet,  
Manners of jungle folk haunting you  
yet;  
Looking so civilized, dainty and neat,  
Looking so barbarous, gorging red meat.

II

Lay aside the bed time book; quench the  
bedside light,  
Pull the covers up under the chin, settle  
for the night.  
Padded footfalls on padded stair; light  
pulsations in the air,  
And Pussy is there!  
Puss is patient, and Puss is wise,  
Stratagem rules her enterprise;  
Wait for the dark and the closing eyes,  
Take the citadel by surprise.  
He in the citadel knows this game,  
Every night it is played the same.  
Alerted, he times her sure advance:  
She gathers her forces, she takes her  
stance,  
Then lightly vaults to the curve of his  
arm  
And pleased with her prowess turns on  
the charm.  
In the quiet room a motor is whirring  
With a loud, insistent, sensuous purring.  
She ploughs the covers and burrows  
deep,  
Composes herself in a throbbing heap,  
And victor and vanquished are drowned  
in sleep.

III

Experts pronouncing in this and that  
Have likewise pronounced on the genus  
Cat.  
She is proud, aloof, and she does not  
love us.  
In poise and dignity far above us  
She blandly accepts our efforts to serve  
her,  
Disdaining our sycophantic fervor.  
Egypt's progeny, Persia's brood,  
Whence this tyranny in the blood?  
You the mistress and I the slave?  
But I have a remnant of pride to save,  
And now that we know just where we  
stand  
I'll still pretend you're mine to command  
And call it love when you lick my hand.

As infinite as the varieties of his coat are the turnings of his labyrinthian mind.

How many quiet and thoughtful hours have been shared by this little  
friend who never disturbs our musings nor resents our preoccupation?  
Agnes Repplier, "The Fireside Sphinx"

## CATS!

By Carla Patsuris

In our house  
Are mice or  
Cats and cats  
Are nicer!



## THE ROMAN ARENA

By Hildegard Mayer

She strode in majesty through the arena,  
Deserted now below the southern sky,  
Where ancient Romans cheered the fear-  
less fighter  
Who looked wild beasts and bulls  
straight in the eye.  
Illusion made her play the tiger's role  
there,  
In yellow coat with stripes of black and  
brown;  
Her shade was huge on sun-scorched  
sand and ruins.  
Yet who climbed up the wall? A cat  
jumped down.

## CAT-OLOGY

By Frances Hoffman Beran

I'm supposed to be a novelty  
In cats that is. I'm of a breed  
Aristocratic, Siamese;  
Hobnobbing with the hoi polloi  
In my nine lives, is not my creed.

## THE TORTOISESHELL CAT

By P. L. Chambers

from "In Praise of Cats". *Punch Magazine*  
The tortoiseshell cat  
She sits on the mat  
As gay as a sunflower she;  
In orange and black you see her blink,  
And her waistcoat's white and her nose  
is pink,  
And her eyes are the green of the sea.  
But all is vanity, all the way;  
Twilight's coming and close of day,  
And every cat in the twilight grey,  
Every possible cat.

The tortoiseshell cat,  
She is smooth and fat,  
And we call her Josephine,  
Because she weareth upon her back  
This coat of colors, this raven black,  
This red of the tangerine;  
But all is vanity, all the way;  
Twilight follows the brightest day,  
And every cat in the twilight's grey,  
Every possible cat.

Contributed by Guy Bogart

When all candles bee out, all cats be gray.  
John Heywood, Proverbs, Part I, Ch. V.

—Thaddeus Hauxhurst

## INSPIRATION

By Adelaide Blanton

Just outside my study window  
There's a concrete wall;  
And Fluff has formed a habit  
Of coming there to call.

When Fluff relaxes on this wall,  
And poses in her glory;  
I never dare disturb her  
For she's dreaming up a story.

## MY WEEK

By Alice J. Harnish

Monday I slept in the house all day.  
Tuesday I made a call far away.  
Wednesday they thought I was gone  
to stay;  
Thursday I drifted back to say,  
"Give me some kidney without delay."  
Friday I planned to be an indoor  
sleeper,  
But Alice ran the vacuum sweeper.  
(I certainly wish that I could keep  
her  
From doing that—  
It annoys a cat.)  
Saturday Smith's dog got too gay,  
And he discovered to his dismay  
To risk my sharp claws does not pay.  
And this was my week, day by day.

## FAREWELL TO A YELLOW CAT

By Christine Turner Curtis

Go, little furry soul, to become one  
with weeds and dew, with fallen  
leaves and sun.  
Your span of days has rounded out  
its girth,  
go home now to the hospitable earth,  
taking that curse of constancy and  
trust  
into the healing, the electric dust.  
Yet still in saffron haze and the  
flecked brook  
shall follow me your lazy amber look,  
and still when summer mornings melt  
like wax  
your nose shall delicately part the  
flax—  
small agent of fidelities that form  
the under-texture of life and keep it  
warm.

# Extrasensory Perception in Cats

By Sally Rhine

Photos, Courtesy Duke University

Does your cat have a "sixth sense?" Have you ever suspected him of reading your mind? Perhaps by his strange behavior he has sometime foretold danger to the family? Or, like a certain Tom, he may have traveled home on foot from some distance away. Tom, an unusually large yellow male cat belonging to First Sgt. and Mrs. Woodson Hobbs III, so disliked being taken from his old home in Kokomo, Indiana, that he promptly returned and on foot alone from Augusta, Georgia. What mysterious sense must have guided him across the 721 miles?

At the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University, Dr. J. B. Rhine and his fellow workers are interested in such unexplained behavior. Within the last twenty-five years they have established the fact that at least some human beings possess an unexplained ability—an ability of knowing without the use of the known senses. This is called extrasensory perception, or ESP.

In order to understand this ability more fully, the scientific spotlight now



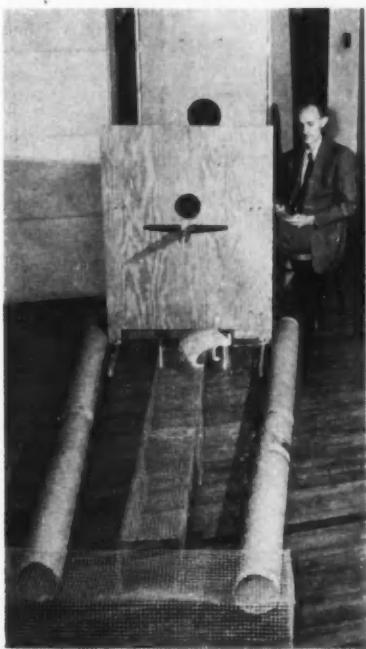
Duke University's Parapsychology Laboratory is also conducting other extensive tests to determine the possible existence of ESP in cats. Above, Miss Rhine behind the screen is "willing" the cat who is just entering to eat first from a particular food cup previously selected by chance. Below . . .

has been turned on the animal world. Does the family pet possess this same ability as his master and, if so, does he have more or less of it? Where does ESP appear in the evolutionary line? Would it be possible to breed for better ESP in animals? For the first time these questions are being given serious scientific attention with the hope of eventual solution.

Tom's performance and others like his are of great importance in this investigation, for they might indicate how ESP operates on the animal level. It is most unlikely that sensory cues could have guided this home-loving cat at the hundreds of miles back to Indiana.

Still more baffling is the type of trip made by the large black cat, Clementine. Clementine had never been far away from western New York state when his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lundmark, left her behind and moved to Denver. Apparently, this loyal cat did not like to be left, for she soon disappeared. Twelve months later, a cat scratched at the back door of the Lundmark's Denver apartment. It was Clementine, rather worn from her 1,600-mile trip, but pleased to be reunited with her master and mistress! Seven toes on her fore-paws and an unusual large bushy tail helped convince the amazed Lundmarks that this was their cat. But who can say how Clementine found them?

Then there is the case of Sandy, whose mistress, Mrs. V. Roberts of Johannesburg, South Africa, wrote: "When we returned on Sunday we found a kitten had been dumped in our yard. It grew into a magnificent cat, but with no affection for anyone except my father and a cousin who visited us occasionally. When my father went overseas it disappeared. Then one day it walked in, settled down



Dr. Karlis Osis of the Lab is shown in a different view observing and recording the results of these carefully planned experiments.

on its favorite spot—and a few hours later the cousin arrived. When she left, the cat went too. It returned early on the morning of the day my father was due home." Did Sandy really know when his favorites were to return, and if so, how?

Equally puzzling is the behavior of a Silver Persian named Beautiful. This handsome cat had been rescued and tamed from a "semi-wild" state by her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Buckley. One day when Mrs. Buckley was working, her cat came up to her and began crying in a most pitiful manner. When this performance was repeated the next day, Mrs. Buckley was puzzled enough to ask her husband what this could mean. He remarked lightly, "She is trying to tell you something and you don't understand her." The next day Mrs. Buckley was talking to her sister-in-law when Beautiful entered the room and looked at them in such a strange way that the sister-in-law remarked, "Look at the cat. What is the matter?" This was about 10 o'clock in the morning. At noon of the same day, Mr. Buckley died unexpectedly at the wheel of his car. Had Beautiful known what was going to happen, and had she been trying to tell this in her own cat-like way?

Dr. Rhine and his associates are seeking the answers to these questions. They would like to know of other such experiences which might shed light on the unusual abilities of animals. These reports are not to be taken as final evidence of anything, but they are studied for the suggestions they give which can then be tested further. Already work has been started at the Duke Laboratory by Dr. Karlis Osis to determine whether kittens have this extrasensory perception.

# NATIONAL CAT WEEK 1952

A Message from Guy Bogart, National President NCW

It is time to enter the spirit of the Original National Cat Week of November 2 through 9th.

The Original National Cat Week was founded in 1945 by Charles A. Kenny, also the founder of CATS Magazine, but it has never been in any way affiliated with CATS Magazine. When Captain Kenny was called for Military service N.C.W. was administered by a brilliant young man of Columbus, Ohio, John Newton. Stress of collegiate work led him to turn over the leadership four years ago to Miss Lydia O. Cypher of Pittsburgh, who has since served as national Executive Secretary. Among the past presidents are the distinguished Washington columnists and authors Bascom N. Timmons and Drew Pearson.

In 1949 I was asked to accept the California chairmanship during which we of the Original National Cat Week instituted the Friends of the Cats as a committee to take part in the defeat of the first marauding cat bill before the California Legislature. (Two years later we were called on again to defeat the bill and in the 1953 session at Sacramento must be prepared for the third effort of the so-called Friends of the Birds to put this measure across in California. Parenthetically, let's not forget that after six years of similar effort the measure was passed by the Illinois Legislature, only to be vetoed by Governor Adlai E. Stevenson; and that for years a national year-round propaganda campaign has been carried on by the enemies of the Cat.) During 1951 and 1952 I have had the pleasure of serving as national president in co-operation with Miss Cypher of the Pittsburgh office at 1201 Center Street.

All persons connected with the Original National Cat Week do so without compensation and practically all of us pay all of our expenses. The only income is from the sale of the penny Cat Seals—purchase of 100 or more constitutes membership. All of the funds are used for the printing and distribution of educational literature through the nation, to clubs, individuals, schools, pet shops and libraries.

The slogan adopted by Mr. Kenny in 1945 has been retained as the only object of N.C.W. — to promote Appreciation,

Understanding and Better Care for All Cats.

American newspaper editors and individuals were perplexed in 1951 by receiving literature from THREE separate National Cat Weeks. And no wonder! From what motive I have no knowledge — two separate National Cat Week groups have been set up—one on the East Coast and one in California.

My personal reaction can be simply stated. These groups are securing educational publicity for cats, as is the Original National Cat Week. I feel only one regret—the confusion among editors and cat lovers.

Personally, I wish both groups God-speed. They are doing good work in telling about cats. The original NCW wishes no monopoly in helping get folks to love, appreciate, understand and give better care to all cats — those of The Fancy, of the home and the homeless waifs. Their motives are known to themselves—I have no desire to make any challenge. Anyone who will help inform the American public on the value and lovable qualities of all cats belongs to our fellowship.

And so the Original National Cat Week is not contesting the field with our sister N.C.W. groups—and to the public and the editors we ask only that they do not refrain from publicizing and supporting the National Cat Week because of confusion.

The Original National Cat Week is in its eighth year bidding for your modest support. We are trying for no records—just to interest as many owners and lovers of cats as possible to bring recognition to all cats. We are less interested in a few spectacular stunts than in a quiet, earnest educational work among individuals. During 1951 the Langford-Ameche national television show from New York gave a feature of N.C.W. with Walter Chandoha representing the cats. And we had throughout American cities fine press recognition.

The little N.C.W. seals may be used throughout the year—I personally use about 1500 annually. They make their silent announcement to all of your correspondents and in your letters, on packages, and elsewhere carry the appeal for understanding of our pets. A dollar or



Dr. Bogart

more isn't much in these days of inflation, but if enough of you bear your share an important educational campaign—which continues throughout the year, with special attention to early November—is made possible.

I have long advocated two MUSTS for cat lovers that pay big dividends in pleasure and understanding. One is the little annual affiliation with the Original National Cat Week, and the other the annual subscription of \$3.00 for twelve issues of CATS Magazine. Both The Fancy and the casual cat lover will find this a MUST once you become acquainted with the lively magazine. And if we can bind into a common fellowship a very, very large group of readers of CATS Magazine, it will serve two main purposes: welding us into a united front for the rights of cats and giving the editors a power in promoting the best interests of all cats and their powers.

Well may England claim the Lion as her symbol; the Eagle for the United States and the Bear for California; but with lifted tail and unfathomable eyes, the CAT remains as the true symbol of Human Civilization. Let her week be one of true Appreciation, Understanding and Better Care through 100 per cent purchase of the 1952 N.C.W. seals.

ORIGINAL  
NATIONAL CAT WEEK  
November 2 thru 9, 1952



ORIGINAL  
NATIONAL CAT WEEK  
November 2 thru 9, 1952



ORIGINAL  
NATIONAL CAT WEEK  
November 2 thru 9, 1952



ORIGINAL  
NATIONAL CAT WEEK  
November 2 thru 9, 1952



# BOOTS-Psychiatric Case Study of a Cat

By Dorothy C. Scott, R. N.

It may surprise you to hear that mental illness is not confined to people. Animals can - and do - have mental upsets and, like people, they can be cured with love, patience and the right treatment. The strangest patient of my entire career as a psychiatric nurse was my cat Boots.

## Normal Kittenhood

If Boots had been a moronic cat we would have put him out of his misery, but he was a normal, intelligent kitten, his only unusual feature the possession of two extra toes on each front paw. He developed into an active young cat with a flair for clowning. Mornings he would delight in carrying his small wooden ball upstairs and carefully dropping it so that it would bounce noisily down each stair. Once he was sure we were thoroughly awake, he would shinny up the bannisters—he seldom jumped, but used those extra toes until they grew to be of formidable size and strength—and look at us expectantly until we took notice and praised him for this undesirable accomplishment. He liked to climb up on my husband's shoulders and drape himself like an animated furpiece around his neck. Having achieved this, he would go to sleep instantly as though utterly exhausted by the arduous task.

## Social Adjustment

When Boots had been with us about a year, a small female kitten, approximately three months old, arrived unheralded at our back door and firmly declared her decision to abide with us. Her mind was made up irrevocably: she had found the home she wanted; she intended to stay. She took immediate and complete possession.

Boots was all curiosity. At that time he was about four times the size of the beautifully marked tiger kitten. At first the kitten was very doubtful about Boots and would emit a minute low growl whenever he appeared on the scene. Boots would regard her very gravely, look at us, shake his head and give forth with the high-pitched squeak which is peculiar to him, and which always sounds utterly ridiculous coming from so large a cat. This intermittent growl earned the kitten the name of Picklepuss, subsequently shortened to Pickle.

Boots and Pickle, once acquainted, established a tolerant relationship. Being playful, Boots started out pretty roughly, but after Pickle had been pounced on a few times, she developed an effective method of defense: before he was within three feet of her, she would yell bloody murder. This never failed to take Boots by complete surprise; he would stop dead in his tracks leaving her unmolested. After a short while they became friendly and would often sleep in the same chair together. If Boots came in with a dirty face, Pickle would lick it clean, firmly holding him with a determined paw if he attempted to leave before she had finished her ministrations. He even got to

like it, although he always acted sheepish about it. We were careful to bestow our attention and affection impartially in order not to cause jealousy between them and harmony reigned.

## Onset of Illness

About a year later some unknown catastrophe befell Boots while he was exploring a neighbor's garden. From the window I watched his mad dash for home; he streaked into the house as if possessed. This was the beginning of a period which lasted well over a year and which in all respects has closely resembled that of a human being's nervous breakdown and subsequent recovery.

Boots was a thoroughly frightened animal. During the first few weeks we expected him to snap out of it. I had examined him carefully and had found no apparent physical injury, but when he cried out at having his head touched we decided to take him to our veterinarian for a thorough check-up.

## Physical Examination

Dr. H. J. Sachs confirmed my opinion: Boots had not suffered internal or external physical injuries. There was no evidence of concussion or damage such as might have resulted from a severe blow to the head as I had feared from his behavior. Unable to find anything physically wrong with Boots, Dr. Sachs recommended extensive vitamin therapy, replacing the usual Halibut Liver Oil (Vitamins A and D) and Elixir Betalin (Vitamin B) which our cats always received regularly. Instead we put him on Vi-Syneral which provided optimal daily requirements of vitamins and minerals both.

## Symptoms

For the next two months Boots remained mostly in hiding downstairs. He had no desire to go out and was generally apathetic. His appetite suffered and he lost considerable weight. As is often the case with severe after-effects of fright there followed a series of psychosomatic complaints for which no one could discover any organic cause. Thus his dislike of having his head touched passed and was succeeded by a month of limping. This in turn was followed by a long period during which he apparently was subject to backaches. After this his tail became a source of great concern to him.

Meanwhile he remained thoroughly frightened and had to be coaxed to eat his meals which were brought to him. We took extra pains not to make any sudden movements or noise when he was about and we spent much time assuring him of our love and affection.

## Treatment

Dr. Sachs who had known Boots from early kittenhood was keenly interested in his unusual case. We held many consultations and between us discussed and

(Continued on page 23)

\*Holiday fun's just a beginning for these kittens. They'll grow stronger and bigger... give happiness each day... on Puss 'n Boots.



\*Her young ones thrive on the same wonderful Puss 'n Boots diet that keeps this merry mother healthy and beautiful.

★  
See what it means...  
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Scientifically prepared from fresh-caught whole fish and selected cereals, Puss 'n Boots furnishes your cat proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins found in liver, beef, salmon, milk and food from the table—plus Vitamin D. Feed Puss 'n Boots regularly.

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## HALLOWE'EN PHOTO TAKES OCTOBER P. O. M.

### Persian on Pumpkin Pooh- Poohs Pranks and Pixies

Florence H. Northway's little White Long Hair doesn't seem to have heard that it's *black* cats that go with Hallowe'en. Instead he's climbed right up on a pumpkin before Mrs. Northway's camera to make the eminently successful seasonal photograph which is this month's \$25.00 U.S. Bond winner for the best picture submitted in the Picture of the Month contest—The year-long cat photo derby co-sponsored by Three Little Kittens Cat Food and CATS Magazine.

For Mrs. Northway, who lives in Grangeville, Idaho, and is a school teacher and farmer's wife, with several other hobbies, this is the second P.O.M. prize. Her first was awarded last August for her shot of another Persian cutie, puzzled over just how to get at the milk in a half-filled bottle—a photo that was later anthologized in the Three Little Kittens yearly collection of "Cat-O-Graphs" with the caption, "How do they make the cow sit on this?" Without doubt, an equally great future is in store for this month's winner.

Congratulations, Mrs. Northway, for both your fine prints, and for being the first contestant to have scored more than one win!

To you other prospective winners. A warning! Get your photos in now! The 1952 contest closes December 1, 1952, and only photographs received before then will be considered for the \$100.00 Bond Cat Picture of the Year Prize. Everyone is eligible except employees of the sponsors, and rules are simple—Just send your entries with name and address written lightly in pencil on the back to Cat Picture of the Month, P. O. Box 403, Boston 2, Mass. Every photo will receive fair and thorough consideration by the board of expert judges.

So—Hurry! That December 1st deadline is creeping up fast—and that \$100.00 Bond will come in mighty handy!

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Combine four cat carriers containing seven cats of assorted flavors (Chocolate-Burmese, Vanilla-Bluepoint Siamese, and Tutti-Fruity-Abyssinian), one folding wheelchair, six grips (one marked "cats"), and two humans in a double bedroom on the Texas-New York train and batten down the hatches. You're off on a train trip that is a train trip. No fear of any boring hours.

That's what happened on June 30th, when Mother and I and seven Ryan Aristo-Cats left San Antonio, Texas, for Long Island, New York.

There being two "Powder Rooms" with the double bedroom, the cats had their own, complete with litter pan, fresh litter and deodorizing spray. Their manners were perfect.

We had a lot of fun but it was work too. Felt a little sorry for Mom when feeding time came twice a day. Thru necessity, I had been established on the long couch from which beach-head I gave orders with the air of a Lord High Executioner. Have you ever tried to stand on a fast-moving train, wielding a balky can opener, and listening to the emphatic complaints of seven cats? There were several times when I was favored with a look that consigned me and my cats to a far distant place. I am seriously considering recommending Mrs. Alyce Rosenberg (my pretty Mother) for service above and beyond the call of duty.

One instance I'll never forget. The train gave a lurch and over a lounge chair backwards went my chic and pert parent. All I could see for a few moments were two wildly waving legs in the air and flying cats. She righted herself, and although unhurt, Mrs. R. was no longer chic nor pert.

As a matter of fact, I asked for my sweater—the atmosphere was so cold as she stood up and smoothed her rumpled appearance. All cats had beat a strategic

retreat to darker corners and I too kept quiet.

Luckily, we were all diverted by a knock on the door. A mad scrambling took place with cats being dug out of hiding places, off a window ledge, and the baby, a 9 weeks old Abby, out of my hat box. The last of 7 tails was calmly accounted for, the door was calmly opened. By that time, however, whoever had been there was either scared away by the sounds or got tired of waiting.

The trip was over before we knew it and on the third morning, we arrived at Penn Station, New York. Everyone was a little tired but we were quite proud of

By  
Maxine Ryan

our plush trip to New York and arrival of all intact. I never left the bedroom so was glad to unfold my shiny new private Cadillac and get the air.

The cats represented a valuable investment in breeding stock and I refused to leave Texas without them. By train was the only way to take them and averaged about five dollars extra per cat on the total fare.

May I recommend a trip on the train with some cats anytime life gets dull for you.

P. S. I wonder what the Pullman porter thought of all those empty cans of baby food and not one baby in sight.

## The United Cat Federation

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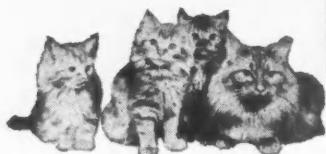
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For complete details regarding Registering, Clubs, Club Organization, and for any other information, write the Secretary-Treasurer:

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## Plants For Your Cat

By Emily Gibson Chaput

If you are a gardener who loves cats you know, of course, about catnip, and no doubt grow a plant or two in some corner of your garden. You know that your cat prefers it dried to green, and you gather your crop every fall for his winter supply. He follows your operations with clear approval, taking a dive or two into your filled basket for a voluptuous roll in its pungent bed. He learns very quickly the place where you hang the herb to dry and where you later store it, and at the lightest rattle of the container will come running from any place in the house.

There are two other plants exciting to cats. One is the garden heliotrope, *Valeriana officinalis*, from the root of which is distilled an old-fashioned and evil-smelling sedative. A trace of this unpleasant odor clings as an undertone around the sweet fragrance of the flower. To the cat it is apparently pleasing, for he will dig the root and eat it, playing with it and tossing it in the air as he would a mouse. He is also attracted by the root of the handsome foliage vine *Actinidia polygama*. I have heard that cats like sage but have never known any cat to exhibit this taste, nor have I any verification of a tale I was told of a bacchanalian foray of wild-cats upon a commercial crop of sage in the West, though I should certainly have liked to witness this scene.

Of winter house plants the cultivated sedge known as umbrella palm is especially relished and a succulent begonia may be preferred to the pot of grass you have thoughtfully provided. But a real cat-lover, though a gardener to the bone, will always be charmed by his pet's enthusiasms for certain plants, however devastating, and by his antics in savoring them.

### The Siamese Cat Society of America, Inc.

MRS. E. W. RUSSELL, President  
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## Cats Question Box

The teeth of my three year old Domestic have begun to fall out. Is this natural, and if not, is there anything I can do about it?

—O.W.N.—Seattle, Wash.

Cats should not lose their teeth until old age — 15 years or later. Usually loss of teeth earlier than that is an indication that the cat's diet was deficient in minerals and vitamins when it was growing, or that it is still is. While change in diet might help, it is probably too late. We suggest you take the cat to your Veterinarian and be guided by his advice, as to whether or not to remove all of its teeth.

My cat occasionally vomits masses of hair three or four inches long. She doesn't seem to be sick, but I know she shouldn't have such symptoms. What can I do for it.

W.D.E.—Chicago, Ill.

Vomiting is one of Nature's ways of helping the cat rid itself of the hair which it accumulates in its stomach in the process of cleaning itself. Unless it is eliminated naturally or coughed up, a large hair ball may form in the stomach to the detriment of health. Giving a mild laxative once a week will assist your cat in handling this problem.

Last winter my cat froze one of its ears, but it seemed to heal up all right. Now, six months later it has begun scratching them almost continuously—so much so that one of them is bloody most of the time. What can I do?

We doubt that the frostbite of so long ago is the cause of the present condition. More likely, your pet has an infection of ear mites—tiny insects that can be seen only with the aid of a magnifying lens. We suggest that you use one of the prepared ear mite remedies which can be secured from any of the pet supply firms advertising in CATS.

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NOVEMBER 2 - 9



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OCTOBER, 1952

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Carpenters Hall, 647 Lindaro Street  
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Judge: Miss Floy McGill, Long Beach, California

#### LONG HAIR SPECIALTY SHOW

and

#### SHORT HAIR SPECIALTY SHOW

Judge: Miss Christine Whittier, Los Angeles, Calif.

Entries Close October 12, 1952

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## SHOW CALENDAR

### OCTOBER

4-5 — Fort Monroe, Va.—Norfolk Cat Fanciers, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Ralph T. Mabie); American Silver Society, Domestic Short Hair Club of the South, National Siamese Club, Solid Color Club of the South Specialties (Miss Kay Thoma).  
18-19 — Chicago, Illinois—North Shore Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Frances Kosierowski); Solid Color (Mrs. John Revington).  
18-19 — Eureka, Calif.—Redwood Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Elsie Granville Flaherty); Short Hair Society Specialty (Helen Etherington).  
18-19 — San Diego, Calif.—Silvergate Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Miss Floy McGill); Long Hair and Short Hair Specialties (Miss Lucy Clingan).  
18-19 — Knoxville, Tenn.—Knoxville Cat Club (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. Jasperine Hedrick); Solid Color, Tabby and Tortie, Foreign Short Hair Specialties (Mrs. Ella Conrey).  
25-26 — Minneapolis, Minn.—Twin Cities Cat Fanciers, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mr. D. D. Henderson); Minnesota Siamese Specialty (Mrs. L. D. Sample).  
25-26 — Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Cat Club (ACA). All Breed: Short Hair and Silver Specialties. (POSTPONED. New date to be announced).  
25-26 — Washington, D. C.—Cat Fanciers of Washington, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. W. E. Limpert); National Siamese Club, American Tabby and Tortie Club, Solid Color Club of the South Specialties (Mrs. Frances Herms).  
30-31 — Philadelphia, Pa.—Penn State Cat Club (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. H. Earl Nack); Siamese Cat Breeders Guild Specialty (Mrs. Lillian Pedulla).  
  

### NOVEMBER

1-2 — San Rafael, Calif.—Marin County Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Miss Floy McGill); Long Hair Specialty (Miss Christine Whittier); Short Hair Specialty (Miss Christine Whittier).  
1-2 — Spokane, Washington—Inland Empire Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Mrs. Flynn Lafayette).  
1-2 — Milwaukee, Wisc.—Milwaukee Cat Club, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Lester O'Neill); Central States Solid Color Club (Mrs. H. O. Reed); American Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. C. F. Rotter); Minnesota Siamese Cat Club (Judge to be Announced).  
8-9 — Kenosha, Wisc.—Mid-West Feline Fanciers (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. J. J. Small); CFF Solid Color Society (Mrs. Mabel Erdman); Siamese Cat Breeders Guild (Mrs. Erdman); National Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. Erdman).  
8-9 — Knoxville, Tenn.—East Tennessee Cat Fanciers (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. W. E. Limpert); American Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. Horace O. Reed); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. Reed).  
8-9 — Binghamton, N. Y.—Penn York Valley Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. John S. Hunter); National Siamese Cat Club (Mr. D. D. Henderson); International Solid Color Society (Mr. Anthony DeSantis).  
8-9 — Los Angeles, Calif.—Angel City Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. C. F. Rotter); Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. Marguerite Goforth); American Silver Fanciers (Mrs. Editha Schulte).  
21-22 — New York, N. Y.—Atlantic Cat Club (CFF). All Breed (Miss Doris Hobbs); Solid Color Specialty (Mrs. Gertrude Hamaker); Short Hair Specialty (Mrs. Hamaker).  
22-23 — Long Beach, Calif.—Long Beach Cat Fanciers (ACA). All Breed (Mr. H. B. Zieses); Long Hair Specialty (Mrs. Nord Clifton); Short Hair Specialty (Mrs. Clifton).  
22-23 — Seattle, Wash.—Seattle Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Judge to be Announced).  
29-30 — Oakland, Calif.—Golden Gate Cat Club, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Walter E. Limpert); Solid Color Club of the West (Mr. Charles G. Victor); Western Tabby & Tortie Club (Mr. Victor).  
29-30 — Denver, Colorado—Colorado Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Miss Kay M. Thoma); National Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. L. D. Sample).  
29-30 — Dallas, Texas—North Texas Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Laura J. Graham); Domestic Short Hair Club of the South (Mrs. C. F. Rotter); Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. Rotter); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. Rotter).  
29-30 — Atlanta, Ga.—Cotton States Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. J. H. Revington); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. C. D. Carroll); American Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. Carroll).  
  

### DECEMBER

6-7 — Stockton, Calif.—San Joaquin Cat Fanciers, Inc. (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. J. Oken); Long Hair Specialty (Mr. B. W. Wilson); Short Hair Specialty (Miss Lucy Clingan).  
6-7 — Buffalo, N. Y.—Queen City Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Judges and Specialties to be Announced).  
6-7 — Detroit, Mich.—Detroit Persian Society, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mr. D. D. Henderson); Windsor Solid Color Club (Mrs. Frances Kosierowski); Minnesota Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. W. E. Limpert).

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All Breed Judge—Mrs. C. F. Rotter  
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International Solid Color and

National Siamese Specialty Judge:

Mrs. Frances Herms, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Premium List Closes—October 1, 1952

Entries Close—November 15, 1952

◆ ◇ ◆

MR. C. A. GERMAN—Show Manager

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INFORMATION ON REQUEST

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## Club & Show Reporter

California and West Shore Combined Show

By Alice Graydon Phillips

For two large clubs to join forces in one large All Breed Show, with three Specialty Shows in conjunction, is a step forward in the direction of that consolidation which many of us have long foreseen as the only answer to the immense and constantly growing shows. By consolidation I do not mean consolidating our classes so that more than one breed or color becomes united with other breeds in one large class. Our classes are excellent as they now exist and have been worked out by experts over years of experience.

But to combine the technical work of handling shows of two and even three hundred entries so that the show officials can successfully handle these huge classes is a consolidation which can be worked out. This year the California Cat Club and West Shore Cat Club are combining their efforts to produce one super show on January 10 and 11. We know that these two clubs are going to show us something.

For years Mrs. Bess Morse who has so successfully managed the fine shows of the California Cat Club has been most regretful that so many good cats would have to be excluded because there is no hall in Hollywood large enough to accommodate the ever-growing entry.

But now by joining with the new West Show Cat Club, the large and splendid Long Beach Municipal Auditorium becomes available to this combined show and we know that many, many exhibitors will gladly avail themselves of the splendid free parking facilities and the fine hotels and restaurants for which Long Beach is famous.

The All Breed Show will be judged by one of America's top judges, Mrs. J. H. Revington, who needs no introduction to the West Coast, where she has frequently been welcomed both as judge and visitor and we are all looking forward to seeing her again.

Judge of the California Solid Color Fanciers Specialty, Mrs. Pelton, is well-known as a breeder of fine Blues, Creams and Blacks many of which have been shown to the reading public in my OUR CATS. This will be Mrs. Pelton's first visit to California and I know we are going to enjoy showing her around after she has finished her judging task.

Helen Fairchild is to judge two shows, the Specialty show of the California Silver Fanciers and the Specialty show of the newly formed Foreign and Domestic Short Hair Club of Southern California; Mrs. Fairchild has done much judging on the Coast and in the East too. We are all happy that she not only has this double assignment, but also that she is going to start our new club on its way to fame.

Bess Morse, show manager and president of California Cat Club and Vivian Osburn Petersen, show manager and president of the West Short Cat Club, certainly have their work cut out for them, but they have a splendid corps of workers lined up and, with all the Coast fancy to cheer them on, we know that they are going to make a grand success of this our First CFA COMBINED SHOW. More power to them!!

### National Siamese Club Kitten Match

HOLLYCAT POKIE, a 6½ month old Blue Point male, bred by Mrs. James D. Stackhouse, took Best Kitten honors at the National Siamese Cat Club Kitten Match held on Saturday, August 23, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Avata in Manhasset, L. I. Hollycat Pokie is the son of Ch. Amdos Polkason, now of the Sea Puss Cattery, and Amdos Celesta owned by Mrs. Stackhouse.

Best Opposite Kitten and Second Best Kitten honors were won by the Seal Point Cheshire Min Dee owned by Mrs. Jaynes S. Babcock by Ch. Morris Lindex, Imp. ex Cheshire Sweet Dreams.

46 kittens were entered with 35 kittens present.

The Judge, Mrs. Julianne Dupuy-Koehler declared that it was one of the nicest groups of young kittens she had ever seen and she experienced a tough job on her first judging assignment trying to choose the best.

(Continued on page 20)

*The*  
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Judge—Lucile Pelton, Hubbard, Ohio

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Judge—Helen Fairchild, Carlsbad, Calif.

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Judge—Helen Fairchild

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## REPORTER

(Continued  
from page 18)

The Van Riper cattery took top honors in eye color with their Seal Point Vanar's Seal-Bambey Chai and their Blue Point Vanar's Sir Echo of Bambey.

The Match was held in Mrs. Avata's beautiful garden under the trees on a perfect day with more than 100 guests and exhibitors present. A delightful buffet supper was served in the early evening.

### Outing for NE Siamese Club

On Saturday, August 9th, the Siamese Cat Club of New England Inc. held an outing and corn roast at Pine Lodge, the home of our Secretary, Mrs. Mae McCartney, on an island in Waterman's Lake, Greenville, R. I.

After several hours during which those present enjoyed canoeing, fishing and other outdoor sports, a corn roast and lunch was served. A short business meeting was then held after which the coming shows of the winter were discussed and plans were made to cover the Specialty Show with the Boston Cat Club in January. Several members announced their intention to attend shows at Philadelphia and Binghamton and plans for a delegation to attend the Specialty Show with Ohio State Persian Club at Columbus in February were also discussed. So, all in all, a busy season is ahead for the club.

### CFF Recognizes C.P.'s

The Cat Fanciers Federation and the affiliated Siamese Cat Breeders Guild have announced that full recognition was given Chocolate Point Siamese at their last annual meeting. Mrs. Florence Leopold, president of the Guild, writes that they are highly in favor of this step in broadening the Siamese classes and that they hope to see many CP's during the show season.

Greater San Francisco Cat Club is holding social meetings during the summer with cards, bingo and other games. Talks on the different breeds of cats are interesting especially to the new members now being welcomed to the club; in addition, moving pictures are to be shown according to Mrs. Hattie Johnson, program chairman. Also a very special dinner is being planned by Mrs. Miriam Williams, second vice president of the club; applications may be sent to her home, 249 Sadowa Street. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, 2469 27th Ave. All are cordially invited to join this very enterprising club.

—A.G.P.

### National Manx Club

The newly organized National Manx Cat Club has as its purpose the furthering of the interests of the Manx breed, and a recent letter from Rita M. Wilson, secretary-treasurer, gives the following details about its organization and plans: "Our first aim is to bring back the Manx to the front in the Foreign Short Hairs, and for this reason we have not affiliated with any association, but will cooperate with all of them. Our Club is nationwide, and we have members from Maine to California. Officers are elected each year. We have five vice presidents, each in a different section of the United States, and they advance in order to the presidency — making the club's offices change each year, thereby keeping interest higher. So that the two main officers can work closely together, the secretary-treasurer will be elected each year from the district of the incoming president.

"Officers for this year are: President, Dr. W. C. Curney, Stockton, Calif.; 1st Vice President, Mrs. S. L. Lovett, Dallas, Texas; 2nd Vice President, Lee Williams, Castro Valley, Calif. 3rd Vice President, Mrs. Margaret Kirsten, Spokane, Wash.; 4th Vice President, Mrs. Carl Hahn, St. Louis, Mo.; 5th Vice President, Colleen Clancy, Glendale, Calif.

"For this first show season the president and each vice president will offer a rosette for the Best Manx in Show to one show in each district, thus gaining representation throughout the country. We hope in a year or two to have gained enough strength and enough popularity for Manx cats to sponsor Manx specialty shows."

Anyone interested in becoming a member of the club can get all information by writing to Mrs. Wilson, at 409 East Harding Way, Stockton, Calif.

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Ch. Nor-Mont's Charlene, daughter of CH.  
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Sired by CH. Nor-Mont's Lucky Draw,  
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IMP.  
Sired by CH. Nor-Mont's Lucky Draw.  
1 SEALPOINT MALE born Feb. 14, 52—  
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*Leap Year on Long Island*

Because of conflicting dates and other reasons, the two Long Island Clubs—Brooklyn-Long Island Cat Club and the Long Island Cat Breeders (both CFF)—tell us that they are not putting on shows this season, but that they are both making plans for outstanding ones in 1953-54.

**Show Reports**

**CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION (ACA)**, at Toronto, Canada, August 22-23, 1952. **ALL BREED**: Best Cat, Best Ch.—Ch. Tommy Tucker of the Tower, Blue m., Mrs. Ethel Treen. Best OS Cat, Best Novice—Wyn's Winner Snow Drift, GE Wh. f., Mrs. Winifred L. Smith. Best OS Ch.—Cable's Hy-Kee, BP Siam. f., Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Cable. Best Sh. H., Best F.S.H., Best Siamese—Cable's Quick Silver, BP m., Mr. and Mrs. Cable. Best Manx—The Farm's Lamia Piccola, P.C., Mrs. B. R. Harmon, Jr. Best Burmese—Adagio of Jadawh, m., Dr. and Mrs. James Cutler. Best D.S.H.—Silver Pixie of Cobourg, ST m., Miss S. G. Hinchcliffe. Best Kitten—Emmy Lee, Blue f., Mrs. Walter Meyer. Best OS Kit—Dalai Jakki, SP Siam. m., Virginia Daly. Judge: Mrs. Jesse Adair.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SHORT HAIR BREEDERS (ACA)**, at Long Beach, Calif., August 3, 1952. **ALL SHORT HAIR CAT SHOW**: Best Cat, Best SP—Mandarin's Lady Godiva de Beaver, SP Siam. f., Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Beaver. Best OS Cat—Ch. Popeye the Sailor, Aby m., Alice Archibald. Best Ch.—Ch. Anna's Wah Lee, SP Siam. m., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McCracken. Best OS Ch.—Ch. Quinn's Noo-Cha-Boren, SP Siam. f., Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Boren. Best Nov.—Ti-Neef-Wan, BP Siam. f., Mrs. R. E. Corkhill. Best OS Nov.—Java Thain-Bo, BP Siam. m., Mrs. R. E. Corkhill. Best Kit—Palos Verdes Avatar, SP Siam. m., Capt. and Mrs. B. K. Culver. Best OS Kit—McCracken. Best BP—Ta Lee Ho's Chip-EE de Sound Off, BP Siam. f., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Beaver, m., Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. Best CP—Te Ah's Petri, m., Mr. W. A. Franklin. Best Aby—Gr. Ch. Ambigia, m., Alice Archibald. Best Burmese—Murnie II, f., Ruth Gramley. Best Rus. Bl.—Ch. Hoeller's Philimore Prudence, f., Kathleen and Paul Hoeller. Best Manx—Tysh's Lil Black Samba, Blk. f., Mrs. Lucille Oliver. Best D.S.H.—Jesse's Ambar, Smk. m., Helen Jesse. Judge: Mr. B. W. Wilson. **ALL BREED KITTEN SHOW**: Best L.H.—Glenmar's On Parade, BT m., Margaret Miller. Best OS LH—Kiva Maya, Blk. f., Mrs. Ada Mae Miles. Best SH—Sinna's Bon Bia, SP Siam. f., Mr. and Mrs. George Annis. Best OS SH—Misti Wu, CP Siam. m., Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Dail, Judges: Miss Lucy Clingan, Long Hair; Mr. Kenneth Bartlett, Short Hair.

**Notes From Breeders****Two Cable Cats to Mrs. Limpert**

Mr. and Mrs. Cable tell us that they have just sold two lovely Siamese kittens to Mrs. Walter E. Limpert, the CFA Judge, who is particularly interested in developing a broader background on Siamese. The kits are Dresden Doll, a Blue Point female from Ch. Niccolleti and Dbl. Ch. Samarkand I, and a Seal Point girl from Ch. Telot, sired by Dbl. Ch. Nickleby.

**Too Many Mouths**

Mrs. Marcena Myers reports that all eight kits born to her Blue queen recently are doing fine. She was lucky enough to have a Chinchilla mother with a litter of only two who gladly adopted the two extra Blues to the advantage of everybody.

**NORTH TEXAS CAT CLUB ANNOUNCES SECOND ANNUAL SHOW**: All Breed. Also Siamese. Solid Color and Domestic Short Hair Specialties; CFA Rules; November 29th & 30th, 1952. All Breed Judge: Mrs. Laura Graham; Specialties Judge: Mrs. C. F. Rotter; Show Manager: Miss Ollie Mae Knapper, 8803 San Fernando Way, Dallas 18, Texas.

**GARDEN STATE CAT CLUB  
of NEW JERSEY, Inc.**

**14th ANNUAL ALL BREED SHOW**

C.F.A. RULES  
at WIDEWAY HALL

929 BROAD ST. NEWARK, N. J.

DECEMBER 5th and 10th, 1952

The Club has been most fortunate in securing the services of the popular ENGLISH & CONTINENTAL JUDGE MISS KATHLEEN YORKE, CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNING COUNCIL ENGLAND to judge the ALL BREED SHOW. There will also be THREE SPECIALTY SHOWS, to be judged by MRS. FRANCES HERMS, TARRYTOWN, N.Y. SOLID COLOR CLUB OF THE EAST, NAT. SIAMESE CAT CLUB, and W. TABBY & TORTIE CLUB.

Premium List closes OCTOBER 9th

Entries close NOVEMBER 12th or as soon as the LIMITED number has been reached.

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**ALL BREED**

Judge: Mrs. Carl Keller

**DECEMBER 13-14, 1952**

**SPECIALTIES**

Solid Color Club of the South  
American Tabby and Tortie Club  
National Siamese Cat Club  
Judge: Mrs. John S. Hunter

ENTRIES CLOSE NOVEMBER 20th

Show Manager

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**14th ANNUAL SHOW**  
of the

**COTTON STATES  
CAT CLUB**  
ATLANTA, GA.

C.F.A. Rules

**NOVEMBER 29-30**

**ENTRIES CLOSE NOV. 7**

**ALL BREED**

Judge, Mrs. J. H. Revington  
Solid Color Club of the South  
and  
American Tabby & Tortie Specialty

Judge, Mrs. Mary Kate Carroll

Entry Blanks and Information from  
the Show Secretary:

**MRS. FOSTER PRATHER**  
Route 1 Ben Hill, Ga.

**GOLDEN GATE CAT CLUB, Inc.  
Sixth Annual All Breed Championship Show**

C.F.A. Rules

**NOVEMBER 29-30, 1952**

**Northern California's Biggest Show**

Oakland Auditorium Arena

Oakland, California

Judge—Mrs. Walter E. Limpert

**THREE Big Specialties**

Western Tabby & Tortie Club—Judge Mr. Charles Victor  
Solid Color Club of the West—Judge Mr. Charles Victor  
Northwestern Siamese Breeders—Judge Mr. Roy Easterly

**Entries and advertising close Nov. 1, 1952**

For information write:

**MRS. ISABEL MEADER**, Show Sec'y.  
18027 Redwood Road  
Castro Valley, California

**MRS. LEE WILLIAMS**, Show Mgr.  
117 Brush Court  
Castro Valley, California



# CAT FANCY

A letter came in this morning from Italy — a very dear friend is making the rounds in sight seeing. She tells me she was almost speechless with surprise when she was going through the Sistine Chapel studying the frescoes on the right wall — (opposite the alter) — looking up they could hardly believe their eyes — there at the very end was a CAT with two dogs in the fresco. It was The Last Supper by Cosimo Roselli finished by him about 1490 A.D. Perhaps there are many who do not consider Roselli one of the great masters but you must admit he was warm hearted and very humane to include these animals in his fresco. At another spot there is another cat and dog — the dog seems to be teasing the cat. Many thanks to you Roselli for putting these animals besides God and man in your Vatican painting of The Last Supper.

That charming internationally known breeder of Blues, Mrs. Arvid Ohlin, 'White Gates' Rhode Island, sends me this very true story. Mrs. Emily Thibdeau has one of the Ohlin cat children,

this particular cat is named Wimauma Patience, 'Patty' for short. Mrs. Thibdeau is positive in the statement that Patty saved her life. You see it was this way. The Thibdeaus had built a new home in one of the developments near the Ohlins. A new road had been opened up and at the far end was the Town Dump. Patty and her mistress were alone in the new home, very early one morning. Patty clawed at the bed covers trying her best to wake Mrs. Thibdeau — who in turn thought Patty was cold and tried to take her in bed. Patty refused and as a last resort the sweet little pet clawed her mistress right across her face and really did bring her wide awake. Sitting up in bed she was shocked to see the red glow of flames all around her and one corner of the house ablaze. Fortunately the phone was still intact and she managed to call the fire department and they arrived in time to save her and the house although the house was very badly damaged. You see the fire had crept down the dump and had entirely surrounded the house and Mrs. Thibdeau could never have gotten out by herself. Patty is still a very nervous little lady.

She sits by the window and reflects on all the dangers that might befall her mistress if she is not on guard. There is a special chair that she hops on every so often to see if everything is in order, and she has acquired the habit of growling like a dog if anyone approaches the house — just like any good watch dog should. There is nothing — but nothing too good for Patty. She has a kingdom all her own. A pix of Patty was enclosed for me to get a good look at her and is she a honey. But then — all the Ohlin stock measures high. Grand Champion Myfanwy, an Allington import is out of this world. But for my money, there is no Blue that will measure up to Ahoy. I don't exactly covet my neighbor's cat but if I had him here at Cloud Top he would be truly treasured — bone, type, coat — he has everything.

Met a newspaper friend in New York this week — she is the proud owner of a Persian kitten. Outside of her work, which she is intensely interested in, she is a very lonesome person. She tells me she is never lonely anymore and that a kitten-pet is the best tonic she ever knew.

Mrs. Dan Gerber, who writes regular articles on *Bringing Up Baby*, tells me she has two very real, very lively cats in her family. She considers them very necessary to her children — and she has a house full too.

There is an Animal Graveyard at 2101 N. W. 95th Street, New York City. It is under the protection of the Humane Society. I have been through the grounds and found it heart-breakingly sad. One very imposing stone which I'm informed cost one hundred and ninety dollars was erected by Mrs. Jerome Cherbino, (611 E. 86th Street, New York City). In simple block letters on this stone are these words 'My heart lies here' then follows the names of her eleven pets — three of them cats. Mrs. Cherbino has been an invalid for seven years. She has with her now a cat named Joy, given to her by a friend.

Sad news from Mrs. Coreen Petta. Her beautiful import Southway Billie has been handed the black ribbon by our All Breed Judge. Billie was beautiful and from all reports had everything that a winner should have but alas! Billie never had a chance at a Show. He was to be benched at Penn State in October. Mrs. Petta has quite a few imports but I do not think she loved any so much as Southway Billie. Our deep sympathy to Mrs. Petta and the Purrsianer Cattery.

Thank you for the many cheer-up cards and messages. I can sit up two hours a day now and very soon will acknowledge all those cards and letters and here is hoping that each of you have a champion in the fall shows.

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## Psychiatric Case Study

(Continued from page 11)

decided upon various therapeutic measures, the first of which was the phenobarbital treatment. The idea was that if Boots was put on a maintenance dose of the drug, it would act as a sedative and lessen his nervous irritability to the point where he might lose his inhibitions and forget his fear sufficiently to return to normalcy. Unfortunately it did not have the desired results. Its sedative effect produced sleep only and when awake he staggered around as if in a hypnotic trance, bumping into the furniture and scaring himself half to death.

Pickle meanwhile announced in no uncertain terms that she was thoroughly disgusted with this state of affairs and acted very much in the manner of an indignant sheltered little lady, compelled by misfortune to live in the same house with a boorish, intoxicated lout. After a few unhappy weeks for everyone concerned we abandoned this sad effort.

In direct contrast we tried giving him a tablespoonful of whiskey diluted in water twice a day for one week. Personally I hoped he might gain sufficient courage to poke Pickle in the nose some day when she teased him. However, it did not lift his spirits to that extent, although we did gain a moderate improvement of appetite.

Next we put him on Glutamicol, an anticonvulsant which sometimes increases mental and physical alertness in backward children. Its effects were absolutely nil.

Finally in desperation I thought of testosterone. This highly expensive medication is a synthetic male sex hormone and tends to accentuate the masculine pattern. Although Boots is an altered cat we hoped it might make him more aggressive in asserting himself to regain his natural courage. After several weeks of this therapy, improvement—at first almost imperceptible—was noted. *The turning point had been reached.*

### Improvement

Meanwhile about eight months had passed since that ill-fated August day when Boots first met with misfortune. Now Spring was at hand and although Boots still refused to go out, he would look longingly at the garden, and I often carried him out of doors and held him in my lap in the sunshine. He would come to us to be stroked or combed. His appetite was better, his coat improved in texture and took on new luster.

With the coming of summer he made vast strides toward recovery. I had decided the time was ripe for an experiment. So I brought his favorite chair, which had its seat under the dining-room table, into the living-room and placed it against the wall. Sure enough, after some hesitation he claimed it, and when Pickle made no attempt to challenge him, he gained such confidence that he came out into the open and lay for increasingly long periods on the living-room rug, especially if I would sit there myself. At

such times he would join me and lie beside me or spread himself across my papers. After a while he would stay there for hours by himself.

This I believe was a very important step in his recovery. When a cat is *on top* of something or *underneath* something, he considers himself secure for he has an advantage. But when he lies on the floor or in any unprotected place, he is open to approach and therefore vulnerable. Boots' decision therefore meant that he had in large measure discarded fear.

In the weeks that followed he started to walk around more. One day he went upstairs—for the first time in over a year—and explored our bedroom. He began to take a greater interest in his appearance by vigorous washing. Another day he went out into the garden and although he only stayed there for five minutes and remained close to the door, he did it of his own volition. A short while later he made a feeble attempt to play with a paper bag and on another occasion he remained in the living-room when we had company. When alone with me he would sometimes show some of his old flair for clowning.

### Pickle Plays Her Part

Pickle had known from the beginning that something was amiss. At first she had looked on the new order as an exciting game of hide and seek. She would conceal herself in unlooked for places and would pounce on Boots and practically say "boo." This of course only added to his confusion and he got into the habit of hissing and spitting whenever he saw her. After a while Pickle stopped this, but continued to harass him in other ways, even as an older or stronger child often teases a younger or more timid brother or sister with unconscious cruelty. When winter set in and Boots had graduated to the dining-room, she would sometimes usurp his special chair and challenge him, but she soon tired of this, seeming to sense that this was not a game after all. As she is by nature sensitive to our approval and disapproval, she was probably aware of our displeasure at her antics and decided to cooperate.

She then entered upon a period of ignoring Boots even if he hissed at her in passing, and, receiving due praise for this course of action, was gratified. She even went so far as to reverse her tactics and made attempts to approach him very gently to lick his head. Unfortunately Boots still mistrusted her motives and seldom allowed her to come near him without protest. This in turn annoyed Pickle and started a vicious circle so that Boots today is still somewhat wary of Pickle and she still teases him occasionally. When she takes it into her head to chase him I can almost see the notion taking form. But when she realizes my awareness she pretends to lose interest, keeping a weather eye on me

to see if she can get away with it.

### Resume

Boots has had what corresponds to a mental breakdown in people. In symptoms it resembled a depressive psychosis. His various physical complaints which probably had no organic foundation, but which nevertheless caused him very real distress are characteristic of this condition. Aggravated by Pickle's behavior, he undoubtedly passed through various anxiety states. His inability to cope with her and lack of aggression give further evidence of this. If it is possible for a cat to have hallucinations, Boots may have had both auditory and visual disturbances of this kind. I have seen him stare at some imaginary object and cower in fear. Likewise I have observed him start up at imaginary sounds and chirrup as if pleased, or growl as if annoyed. Once in our presence he suddenly screamed in terror and backed into a corner. Pickle was in the same room and saw or heard nothing to alarm her. His physical appearance, facial expression, loss of appetite, general inertia and lack of interest, together with great fearfulness and hallucinations, present a composite picture indicating profound depression.

It is indeed surprising that throughout this ordeal his affection for us never wavered and his disposition consistently remained sweet and gentle, this in spite of being made to take unpleasant medications and undergo unwanted treatments.

Whether Boots will return to complete normalcy remains to be seen. Pickle will play an important role in this. She can both help and hinder his progress as she has in the past. But now that he is definitely on the road to recovery he has the advantage over human beings. Convalescence following mental illness is slow and painful. In psychiatric nursing we have come to consider this the crucial period since the patient is frequently overwhelmed by the realization of what a return to normal life and its attendant problems may mean.

Fortunately Boots is not faced with this difficulty. He has no worry about the future. His meals are provided, he has a roof over his head, and all the love and affection he needs are here to encourage and sustain him as they have during his long illness.

## Mews and Views from the West



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BILLIE BANCROFT

"CLOUD TOP"

BOX 240 ROCKAWAY 1, NEW JERSEY

Yes indeed it has been hot here—  
twelve consecutive days, and when it is  
hot in San Fernando Valley—the ther-  
mometer has all it can do from "blow-  
ing it's top"—I too had all I could do  
also from blowing MY top. It was HOT  
to me with this cast from hip to ankle—  
and sick kittens. The heat really affected  
them too. Flies somehow know San Fer-  
nando Valley—and even the Veterin-  
arians warned breeders when feeding  
kittens outside, there is the chance of  
Dysentery. I was most careful but never-  
theless the kittens were hit by the heat  
and dysentery. I found the best way to  
combat this was to give them one-half  
teaspoon of Kaopectate (Upjohn) every  
two to three hours. During this trouble  
their appetites were not normal and I  
found Dodecavite—B12 put out by U.S.  
Vitamin — given to them immediately  
stabilized their desire to eat again.

This I went through for days. Some-  
times I picked up some of those sweet  
babies and felt they were all but dead.  
With the application of above remedies  
and fine food—even to shrimp at \$1.15  
per pound, cooked by my own hands,  
beef at \$1.00 per pound, they are ALL  
well now thank goodness, but the heat  
and the kittens' illness really took some-  
thing out of me—so as of now I am  
leaving, Doctor's instructions, with my  
good friend Mrs. Irene Bjerring chaf-  
feuring, for a few days rest.

One of the most interesting letters re-  
ceived was from Mrs. Gertrude Whitney,  
and I hope "Mrs." is correct, as it was  
signed only Gertrude Whitney. Gertrude  
states she had just received the June  
issue of the CATS Magazine for the first  
time, kindly sent to her by Dr. Guy  
Bogart. I wish at this time to thank her  
for her kind words regarding my re-  
covery from my illness—which in fact  
consists of getting a good left leg again  
—(the right leg has been doing double  
duty that is for sure, and sometimes I  
think it is coaxing the left leg to "catch  
up").

Gertrude, a well-known portrait painter  
writes that when her studio was at Coral  
Gables, Florida, she was awakened one  
night from a deep sleep by a noise so  
shriek it caused her to pull the covers  
over her head in dread of what it might  
be. After surmising what this cry could  
originate from, and feeling it was  
nothing that could bodily harm her she  
arose and opened her patio door—there  
stood a full size grown black cat. She  
was surprised by the large fluorescent  
eyes, the like of which she had not seen  
on a cat before.

She gave the cat food and water and  
found the next day it was asleep in her  
patio. Because of its jet black color she  
named it ONYX. This cat at the time  
seemed full grown, although it played  
as a kitten. As time went on Onyx grew  
to the size of a Collie dog, in height,  
but much longer in body, with a power-  
ful tail of great length. After consulting

many cat experts it was decided Onyx  
was a Florida Lynx, and might have es-  
caped from a zoo or traveling circus.  
Onyx was always gentle and took over  
the studio of Gertrude. She appeared to  
be from a strange world of her own.

Gertrude suddenly saw the possibility  
of painting CATS. Onyx was to her one  
of the most perfect subjects with which  
to experiment. She was always happy to  
sit STILL and let Gertrude put on her  
canvas what she saw — revealing eyes,  
velvet fur always groomed, a cat in per-  
fection. So Gertrude proceeded to make  
many studies of this lovely black unusual  
cat. From her paintings of Onyx, she  
received many requests of Cat Lovers to  
paint their cats. Gertrude gave up her  
portrait painting — and specialized in  
putting cats on canvas.

Mrs. Whitney writes: "I began to  
notice a very strange, very sad look  
coming into Onyx's eyes—she seemed to  
hold all the mysteries of the Orient,  
gazing afar as though in distant lands.  
Yet when I put my easel directly in  
front of her she knew at once I was  
going to paint her and she would hold  
that pose, like a Sphinx. However, one  
day Onyx made a full decision—who  
knows what linked behind those haunt-  
ing eyes? She simply left quietly. I was  
notified later Onyx had been killed by a  
train, the engineer of which seeing her  
on tracks felt that she was a wild animal  
and should be destroyed, as he feared  
she was something wild which might  
injure some child. I am glad I have the  
many beautiful paintings of Onyx to  
prove, as she sat quietly and lovingly in  
my studio posing for these paintings, that  
she was not a wild animal. Something  
to be loved, and because of these paint-  
ings of Onyx many cat lovers have come  
to me to have their cats painted. Onyx  
made me a greater artist and gave me a  
greater understanding of cats."

Mrs. Whitney can be reached at—  
108 West 226th Street—Torrance, California.  
She is still painting cats and in-  
vites correspondence.

Mrs. Wreathe Dellinger of San  
Diego, California writes that she is "just  
that proud" of Hollywood's Blue Star  
of Blue Mask—you guessed it, a Blue  
Point, female. She says she does  
have terrific type and is so nice around  
the house, never jumps up on anything  
as Siamese are apt to do. I chuckle as  
many times I have visited Hollywood—  
and in attempting to converse with Mrs.  
Bjerring it is usually interrupted with a  
crash-bang. Why? Some Hollywood Siame-  
se has opened a cupboard door emerg-  
ing with a doughnut-cookie, or even  
Limburger cheese, but in doing so has  
with glee broken a prized dish—Ha!  
Wreathe, give Blue Star a chance and  
one of your prizes dishes will be in  
P-I-E-C-E-S.

Another show to cover too—On Sep-  
tember 7th the United Cat Federation

(Continued on next page)



## MEWS AND VIEWS

held its 2nd Annual All Breed Short Hair Champion Show at Hollywood Park, Inglewood, California. Judges officiating were Miss Lucy Clingan—All Breed and Howard Stevens from Tucson, Arizona doing the specialty show. While I was not able to attend, the exhibitors reported to me that Mr. Stevens was well liked, and good luck to you Howard in your Judging career.

Best Cat and Best Champion was awarded to Ch. Ta-Lee Ho's Blue Chiffon—B. P. female, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Earle M. Philips; while best Cat Opp. Sex went to Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Beaver's Abyssinian Rabu Ramphia—bred by G. A. Comhaire of Texas.

Best Ch. Opp. Sex was claimed by Ch. Mandarin's Blue Chips (sire of Best Cat) owned by Mrs. Philips. Best Novice—Blue Point Siamese female Purke's Blue Padi-Khai, owned and bred by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Perkins, and I might add as I watched her as a kitten in Long Beach he is quite the performer and feels he is personally going to take care of his career. Best Novice Opp. Sex went to Palos Verdes Avatar, S. P. male owned by Capt. and Mrs. B. K. Culver, USN—

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

90 by 50 foot lot and the five foot fence around it topped with "butterfly wings" which keep my cats in and stray cats out. Mrs. Joan Thompson who owns the Pensford Cattery has a beautiful flower garden, very well kept, where she has her cats. She has it fenced in, and no cat goes over the fence—though they really could if they wanted to, I thought. She was getting ready when I was there to ship some Blues and one gorgeous Cream kitten to America.

In England they cannot import cats very well because of a quarantine (not for enteritis, believe it or not, but for rabies, though they have rabies aplenty here). The cat is kept in quarantine for six months. One has to pay board for it at the rate of three or four dollars per

his second fine win this season.

In the Specialty show judged by Howard Stevens—Best Cat, S. P. female, was Mandarin's Lady Godiva — her second top win this season—owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Beaver. Howard agreed with Lucy Clingan on Best Siamese Opp. Sex. His Best Champion was Kabar's Miss Milly Tilly, owned and bred by Ken and Virginia Bartlett. Best Champion Opp. Sex under his also went to this Best Opp. Sex. Best Novice the same as Miss Clingan awarded, and Best Novice Opp. Sex to Anna's Dee Syre owned by Anna N. McCracken.

His Best Kitten was Simma's BomBia—again a second winner this season. Best Kitten Opp. Sex to PurEll Blue Sahib owned by Mrs. Pearl B. Funk. Best Neuter—Mr. Woo Seal Point owned by Mrs. Hans Wedekind—Best Spay Blue Ghing, Mei-Won—owned by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brooker.

In the Specialty Best Seal Point was Best Cat, while Best Blue Point was Blue Chiffon—Best Chocolate Point was Ting Tsing owned by Miss Helen M. Beeler.

This is thirty for now—Bags packed, car waiting in the drive! The Leg and I are heading South. Hasta La Vista!

week, and—all too often the cat dies. One can not even get to see it, except through a glass.

All in all, it was a grand trip—visiting seven countries. However, I'm hoping I can get back to Minneapolis in time for our big Triple Show.

Best wishes  
Mrs. T. R. James

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## Jasper's Health

finally did get up, he hurried away without feeding Jasper. He couldn't even get out until the maid came in to clean up the room at ten o'clock.

Bud fed him that night, but not enough to make up for breakfast and lunch. It would be a fine thing, he grumbled to himself, if he had to go back to garbage cans. After all, he was a gentleman cat now.

For the next week, Bud didn't stay in long enough to light their evening fire. That wouldn't have been so bad, but more and more, he forgot to feed Jasper.

The idea of getting Bud and Marilyn's quarrel patched up came to Jasper one day after a nap. Or maybe he dreamed it. Anyway it was worth a try.

He waited three nights at Marilyn's door before she noticed him. He decided he didn't blame Bud for liking her, the first time she stooped over to pet him. He might have got into her apartment that night, too, if Bud hadn't come along just then.

"Come on, Jasper," he called, "Some people don't like cats."

Marilyn tilted her pert little nose and hurried into her apartment. Jasper followed his roommate away.

When Bud gave him a piece of liver that night, Jasper decided that perhaps things were going to be like they used to be again. Then the phone rang. Bud knocked over a chair getting to it. "Hello. Marilyn?" he questioned anxiously.

"No, I'm sorry," he whispered gloomily into the mouthpiece, "but you have the wrong number."

Jasper knew then that he would have to take things into his paws once more. He mewped at the door several times before Bud let him out, but Marilyn opened her door when he first scratched on it.

"Come on in, Jasper," she invited. "I'm going to a show with the girls pretty soon, but you can stay until I leave."

Jasper followed her into the bedroom. He liked the way she smelled, and he started to purr around her legs. Just in time he remembered being spanked once for tearing someone's hose and he jumped up on the bed. Marilyn kept on brushing her short, blonde hair, so Jasper sat down and watched with a contented rumbling in his breast.

When she turned to pick up her blouse and skirt, he realized that he was sitting on them. He hadn't intended to do that. He didn't care for her going to the show with the girls. And now, he might not get another chance to come into her apartment. If he didn't, how could he patch up the romance between her and Bud?

Marilyn looked at Jasper real funny for a moment. He mewped an apology and jumped off the bed. He turned when he heard Marilyn laugh and felt himself being scooped up into her arms. "Jasper,

(Continued  
from page 5)

you're a darling. I really didn't want to go anyway," she confessed. "I'll give the girls some excuse."

She took him into the kitchen and gave him a bowlful of milk. "This setup is all right," Jasper purred proudly to himself. "I'll get my extra milk here. There's more than one way to kill a cat--" Jasper interrupted his own thought when he saw where it was leading.

Marilyn was *okay*, he decided later on his way back down the hall.

And he went back the next night. He got his milk. But Marilyn acted almost like Bud. She read for a minute; frowned; flicked her long, red finger nails; and threw her book across the room. She changed radio stations. She made coffee, picked up the book and started all over again.

The following Friday night, Jasper's plan got a real jolt. Marilyn was dressing to go out. With a man, Jasper knew by the long, frothy pink dress hanging on the door of the clothes closet. And she was being extra careful as she put greasy stuff on her face and wiped it off.

For just a moment Jasper had the indignant thought that she and Bud might have made up without telling him. Then he remembered that tonight, for the first time in a month, Bud was in his robe and pajamas.

Jasper knew he had to act fast. And on such short notice all he could think of was playing sick again.

He was almost ashamed of himself when Marilyn came running into the living room to him on his first mewp. She looked pretty in that pink dress, and her long fingers were fastening something in her ear. But Jasper had to keep his mind on his act.

It took about three more wails before Marilyn was at the phone. He hoped she wasn't calling the vet. He crossed his paws and almost forgot to mewp. But right away she said, "Jasper's sick," and he knew she was talking to Bud.

The door opened almost as soon as Marilyn hung up, and Bud came raging into the room. His dark, thick brows almost met across his nose. "What have you done to my cat?" he demanded.

He turned to Jasper. "What is it, old boy?" he sympathized. "I told you *some* people didn't like cats."

Jasper mewped weakly. He could have sworn that Bud's left eye opened and closed slyly.

"Well," Marilyn suggested sort of scared and a little peeved too, "don't you think you should call the vet?"

Bud went to the phone in the alcove and dialed a number. "Is this Dr. Thompson?" . . . "Can you come to 1149 East 76th Street, Apartment 8C, right away? I have a very sick cat." . . . "No, I have no idea what's wrong with him. A young lady was *taking care* of him when he got sick." . . . "Thank you, Dr. Thompson."

"Why did you give him my apartment number?" Marilyn asked icily.

Bud anchored his thumbs in his robe pockets and faced the girl defiantly. "Surely even *you* don't expect me to move Jasper now," he answered reproachfully.

"Well, go home and dress then."

"I will not."

Jasper was sorry that his plans were not working. But at least, while they quarreled, he didn't have to mewp. There was no way of telling how long it would have gone on if someone hadn't beat a brisk tattoo on the door just then.

Marilyn hurried to the door. "The vet didn't waste any time," she called back over her shoulder. "Now, maybe I'll get rid of you."

But it was the first time Jasper ever saw a civilian vet wear a sailor's uniform or carry flowers to his patient.

"T --- Tommy," Marilyn stammered.

"In the flesh, honey. Ready to weigh anchor?"

"No-- no, not exactly. You see, Tommy, I can't go--not right away. My--that is--a cat's sick."

Tommy lifted Marilyn's unsteady chin with his finger tips. "You mean you're tossing a good time out the window because of a sick feline?"

"Well, maybe if you'll wait until the vet comes--"

Tommy's spine snapped to stiff attention and the flowers dropped to his side. "For you, Marilyn, honey, I'd wait forever. For a cat, I wouldn't wait five ticks of your little wrist watch."

"Well," Jasper thought indignantly, as he peeked through the door, "he doesn't have to be rude just because he has the United States Navy behind him."

"But you see, Tommy," Marilyn went on in futile explanation, "I was taking care of the cat when he got sick, so--"

"I don't care what happened. If it's a case of 'love me, love my cat', include me out." Tommy's voice climbed in spirals. And he probably would have stormed away if Bud hadn't strolled in to view just then.

"He--" Tommy pointed an accusing finger at Bud--"He doesn't happen to be the cat you're sitting up with, does he?"

"Oh, shut up!" Marilyn exploded.

Jasper heard the door slam opulently. Then the room got quiet. Jasper knew that his act was over. He sat up and stretched gratefully.

"Marilyn?" he heard Bud whisper.

"Uh huh."

"I suppose I should tell you--"

"You mean about holding your hand on the phone while you talked to the 'vet'?"

Bud laughed softly. "You mean you knew?"

"Uh huh."

It got quiet again. Jasper got down and trotted away. "It's a good thing I wasn't really sick," he grumbled to himself. "They'd let me die."

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